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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

## POETRY.

### THE ROAD OF LIFE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Oh! youth, happy youth! what a blessing—  
In thy freshness of dawn and dew;  
When hope the young heart is caressing,  
And our griefs are but light and but few,  
But in life, as it swiftly flies o'er us,  
Some musing for sadness we find;  
In youth we've our troubles before us—  
In age we leave pleasure behind.

Ay, Trouble's the post-boy that drives us  
Up hill, till we get to the top;  
While Joy's an old servant behind us,  
We call on forever to stop.  
Oh, put on the drag, Joy, my jewel,  
As long as the sunset still glows;  
Before it is dark 't would be cruel  
To haste to the hill-foot's repose.

But there stands an inn we must stop at—  
An extinguisher swings for a sign;  
That house is but cold and but narrow,  
But the prospect beyond is divine!  
And there, whence there's never returning,  
When we travel, as travel we must,  
May the gates be all free for our journey,  
And the tears of our friends lay the dust.

### THE HERITAGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of bricks, and stone and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands would hardly earn  
A living that would suit his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a harder spirit;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?  
Wishes adored with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil worn merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned by being poor;  
Courage, if sorrow come to bear it,  
A fellow feeling that is sure;  
To make the outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son, there is a toll  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whittens, soft, white hands;  
This is the best crop from thy lands;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son, scorn not thy state,  
There is worse want than thine;  
In merely being rich and great;  
Work only makes the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both children of the same dear God;  
Prove true to your heavenly parent;  
By record of a well-filled past;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

**Good Advice.** Girls, beware of transient young men—never suffer the address of a stranger; recollect one good steady farmer boy or industrious mechanic is worth more than all the floating trash in the world; the allurements of a human dandy-jack with a gold chain about his neck, with a walking stick in his paw, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless thought of fancy skull, can never make up the loss of a kind father's home—a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters. Their affection lasts—while that of such a young man is lost at the wane of a honey-moon. 'Tis true.

If a man will but glance over his yesterday's, he will at once see how foolish it is to fret one's self about the time to come; for he will find in every yesterday, a miniature grave, as it were, dug by a too fearful imagination, in which is buried all his little store of daily happiness. Men slight the good they have, in their anxiety for the good to come. They wait their oil for to-day in fruitless attempts to procure a supply for the morrow, forgetting that He, who replenishes the cruise, is inexhaustible.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

### THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

The little town of Chichester, situated on the M— river, was once far more important than it is at present; for while everything else in this wide country prospers, it is falling slowly but surely to decay. Many years have passed since I visited it, and even then it was a melancholy sight. Houses which I could remember as once inhabited, were tenanted, and often roofless—and fields which when I last saw them were waving with corn, now lay white and desolate, scorched by the rays of an August sun. Fences were torn down—tenements were tottering to ruin—the skeletons of old sloops lay bleaching on the shore—even an ancient church-yard had by its turned into a desolate common, and over the whole scene decay appeared to reign with melancholy sceptre.

It was different once, though that was years ago. But I only allude to the place to call to mind how fleeting everything is in this care-wore world.

About a mile back of the village stands an old, weather-beaten house, built of thick hewn logs, and consisting of a single room below, and a narrow garret above. It now forms the kitchen of a more modern structure, but at the period of the Revolution, and indeed, until within a few years, it stood alone. It is a plain old tenement and stands at right angles with the road. Behind it is, or was, a garden, stretching down to a little swamp, through which runs a stream of clear, cool water, at which many a time I have drank. An apple orchard once stood on the right of the house, and a modest barn in front, though time have levelled both these, long since, with the dust. But that is neither here nor there—so I will go on with my story.

It was a bright day in early summer, when a young girl stood at the door of the house, looking anxiously up the road, as if watching for some expected one. The sun was just sinking behind the forest trees, pouring his mellow light along the sandy road, and over the dark sombre green of the melancholy pines. Everything was in repose. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the leaves—the lowing of cattle was heard faint from afar—the ripple of the little stream came pleasantly to the ear, and the hum of insects growing every moment more loud, died at last away. Still that young girl watched. She was beautiful, but it was the beauty of a high resolve and of a proud form. Neither did she, when you looked at her a second time, appear so young as she first seemed. She was perhaps eighteen, she could not be over twenty, and yet had it not been for an air of womanly dignity about her, she might have passed for a girl of sixteen only.

"What can detain him?" at length she said as shading her eyes with her hands, she looked anxiously from the door.

The words had scarcely been spoken before a figure emerged from the woods up the road, and with a glad smile she was rushing forward a pace or two to meet the comer, when suddenly she checked her steps, she turned as pale as death, and scarcely ejaculating "The Refugee!" she hurried back to the house.

The cause of her emotion was easily explained by the character of the approaching visitor. The Refugee, where, at that day, the brigands of the times, and of the absence of most of the male population in the continental army, they ravaged the country at will, plundering and burning farm-houses, and even in some instances, committing personal violence upon females. They were consequently the terror of the country.

Of these men David Rowel, or as he was familiarly called, from the darkness of his complexion "Black Davy," was the most notorious. Sometimes moving alone, and sometimes accompanied by others, but always marking his track with some outrage, he had gained for himself a notoriety as widespread as it was terrible. It was the sight of this individual which checked the steps of the young girl, and drove her trembling, to seek refuge in her home.

But her fear it seemed soon vanished. She had scarcely crossed her threshold before she was greeted by some sudden recollection, she hastily turned back, and with an unshrinking face, though a beating heart, confronted the Refugee. Whatever was her motive, her fearless demeanor abashed the renegade. He stopped, and was silent.

"What want you—what would you have sir?—why do you seek a lonely house like this at such an hour?" asked the girl with flashing eyes.

The abashed Refugee had by this time recovered his confidence, and with an easy air he whistled aloud, and then answered the girl.

"Not so fast, mistress not so fast—we are here after your good man, my dear; and though you have been married only a fortnight or so, you must settle our account with him, I have signalled my men, and you see they are coming. We must search your house—come on, boys!" and with these words the renegade, accompanied by three rough looking men, who had just come up in answer to his call, passed into the house.

The young wife—for such she was—gazed after them, and lifting her hands on high, murmured a thanksgiving that her husband had not yet returned.

In about a quarter of an hour the men returned, and swearing loudly at their ill success, be-

gan to search among the few out-houses for the master of the place. But their efforts were vain. The young wife meanwhile, though betraying no sign of fear, stood there, scarce knowing whether the enraged ruffians would not the next morning, take her life.

"By—this is to bad," said the leader, after their unsuccessful search; "he will certainly be here some time to night—let us wait for the rascally rebel, and shoot him down on his own threshold."

The brutal proposition just suited his desperate followers, and taking up their quarters within, they ordered the young wife to prepare them some supper. Though loathing the sight of her tormentors, and trembling momentarily lest her husband should arrive, she was forced to obey their commands. She contrived, however, always to keep in sight of the door, so as to obtain a view of her husband as soon as he emerged from the woods, determining to warn him at once to flee, though she herself would risk her own life by the generous act.

Suddenly she darted toward the door, for her keen eyes had detected the one so long looked for, and waving her hand, she shouted:

"Fly—fly—Richard—fly!"

"What the—does the jate mean?" angrily exclaimed the leader of the refugees, rushing after her; and lifting his piece, he continued "come on, or you are a dead man."

For an instant the husband paused. He saw at a glance the situation of affairs, and though it was agony to leave his wife in such hands, he knew it would be certain death for him to approach the house. His firm wily principles had made the refugees and tories his political foes, and he knew that more than once "Black Davy" had sworn to take away his life. His only hope, therefore, was in a precipitate retreat. That no personal injury would be offered to his wife, he felt almost certain, for deeds of that character had never yet been attributed to the present leader of the refugees. These rapid thoughts caused a momentary delay, which had well nigh proved his ruin. The refugee captain had already raised his piece, and when he saw the husband turn to flee, he fired. But the self devoted wife, at that very instant, sprang forward and struck up the musket, at the peril of her life.

The ball whizzed harmlessly over her husband's head, and in another moment he was lost in the surrounding forest. The ruffian turned with the heavy piece into the air, struck down the heroic wife. She fell senseless and bleeding to the earth. The refugee gazed on her a moment, and then, with a curse, called his men to follow him in the pursuit of the flying husband.

An hour after, the husband returned, having thrown his pursuers at fault. Language cannot describe his emotions on beholding the condition of his wife. A neighbor chancing to pass, apparently some ten minutes after the refugees had departed, discovered her senseless on the ground. She was now scarcely revived, and could with difficulty speak. Yet she strove to smile, and faintly extended her hand to her husband calling him in those fond tones which only a wife may use.

"By all that is holy," exclaimed the agonized man, as he rushed from her bed side, "I will avenge this on that renegade, or die in the attempt. But Ellen must not know of it. I will wait until she is asleep and then depart on my errand—God will favor the right."

The stars were faint and few that night, as the bold farmer extorting from the kind neighbor a promise of secrecy, stole out into the air armed with his trusty piece, and after looking a moment at the sky above, struck rapidly across the forest.

In less than an hour he had visited two farm-houses and obtained three neighbors to aid him in his design. Striking into the heart of the forest, they pushed on for several hours without any apparent fatigue, and almost in silence. At length they came to a halt.

"Their haunt is somewhere about here, I have learned," said the husband, "I heard it by chance from one of their gang, who mistook me for Bill Richings, who, you know, was supposed to have no objection to their ways. I shouldn't be surprised, if the knowledge of my possessing this information, has led to the attack to-night."

"Hark," said one of the band, "do you not hear a tread coming through the woods?"

"It is—it is—we have found them—lie close now, and wait till they come up."

The group instantly relapsed into silence, and each of them taking up a position behind a huge tree, or some fallen trunk in the swamp, waited breathlessly for the approach of the comers, whose tread might now be heard, growing more distinct as they approached. Directly voices were recognised, conversing in a careless tone, then a loud laugh rung across the night, and after a momentary silence, one of the approaching band burst into a song.

"Now is our time," whispered the husband to one of his companions, "take the right hand men, and leave the leader to me; ready—fire!"

The report of their rifles rang sharply through the woods, and three of the refugees leaping into the air, fell dead upon the ground. The piece of the husband flashed in the pan, but did not go off. The captain of the renegades was unharmed. Springing back a few steps from the covert where his assassins lay concealed, he shouted:

"We are betrayed—we must run for it, my boys!" and before the enraged pursuers could well understand his intention, he had turned and fled, followed by those of his band who still remained behind. It was no time, however, for hesitation. The baffled husband was the first to dash from his covert, and without pausing to see whether the fallen men were dead or not, he

"Forward—forward—pursue them to the death!"

As he spoke, he dashed off in pursuit. His companions hesitated but a moment, and then followed his example. Three of the refugees had escaped, but there were four in pursuit. Fear seemed, however, to have seized upon the renegades, else why should they have retreated before a force so little exceeding their own? It is probable, however that they imagined a far greater number of the enraged inhabitants were on their track, for they could scarcely suppose that four men would have the hardihood to penetrate to their fastness, when their full number was known to equal a dozen. Whatever was their motive, however, they continued their flight, their pursuers the while pressing hotly in the rear.

It was toward morning when two individuals emerged upon the edge of an abrupt hill, many miles from the fastness of the refugees. One of them was the captain of the refugees—his pursuer was the injured husband. Both the companions of the outlaw had already been overtaken and slain. The eagerness of the husband had outstripped the pace of his companions, and after a pursuit of hours, he was now on the point of coming up with the refugee.

The rapid pace of the two men, pursuing and pursued, brought the latter to the edge of the abrupt hill before he was aware of it, and saw at a glance that further flight was impossible. He turned and beheld only one foe in sight. He could hear the shouts of the others far behind in the forest, and he resolved to grapple with the foremost pursuer, and by destroying him effect his escape before the others came up. He turned at bay. The rifles of both the combatants had been discharged in the pursuit, and they now stood face to face, with no weapons but their hunting-knives. A moment they gazed at each other with all their mutual hate sparkling in their eyes.

"Villain—murderer—traitor," hoarsely ejaculated the husband, pale with passion, as he darted at the refugee.

The outlaw made no answer, but he scowled a mortal defiance at his foe, and drawing his knife, awaited the onset of his antagonist. And it was terrible. For a few moments so incessant were their thrusts at each other, and so rapidly were these thrusts mutually parried, that the eye could not follow the motions of the combatants. Now one—now the other seemed to have the advantage. The dry leaves flew in showers around the contending foes, and the dust rose in clouds, hiding them often from the sight. Not a word was spoken by either combatant. At length, after one or two slight wounds on either side, at a desperate thrust made by the husband, his knife struck against the iron buckle at his antagonist's belt, and was shivered into pieces. The refugee saw his advantage, and raised his knife to strike. As a last hope his pursuer grasped his wrist. A desperate struggle ensued. Both were men of great personal powers, but the outlaw having already received a wound in his right arm, was perhaps the weaker of the two. After a protracted contest he yielded, and in a fierce effort made by the husband to obtain the knife, it flew from the refugee's hand to the distance of some yards. By this time they had imprecipitely been drawn to the very edge of the hill, where a ragged precipice of some fifty feet shot perpendicularly downward beneath them.

Gathering every energy for this last endeavor the pursuing husband strove to force the outlaw over the precipice, and had partially succeeded in it, when he felt the gravelly bank giving way beneath them. With one hand he hastily grasped a twig, and with the other, making a gigantic effort, he threw his antagonist over the precipice, so that the outlaw dangled in the air, having no support but the hold he kept upon the left arm of his antagonist. All hope for the refugee was over, but he determined that his foe should perish with him. Moments passed away, at every one of which the bank gave way more and more. The utmost efforts of the victor to shake off the dying man were in vain, and he felt that his last hour was come. He heard no more, even the shouts of his friends; and with a sickening sensation, he felt they had either lost their way or deserted him. Could they only have come up, he might have been saved. He felt the twig begin to yield—he had already slipped half off the bank—and the struggles of the dying man were becoming more desperate every moment. He gazed at the gulf below. Broken limbs of trees, and uprooted pines lay mingled promiscuously together, so that to fall into the abyss would be certain destruction. The countenance of the outlaw already wore a demoniacal smile in contemplation of the ruin to which he was dragging the young man. And that bridegroom—was there hope for him? Alas! all was gone. He gave one thought of his bride—one look toward heaven—one prayer to his God, and then shut his eyes against the awful catastrophe he felt had come. Suddenly, however, a sharp report as of a rifle, rung wildly in his ears, and at the same instant he felt the hold of the outlaw relax from his arm. He opened his eyes only to behold the dying man shooting like an arrow down the abyss—only to see his mingled body lying shattered on the trunk of the trees below. In a moment he was drawn away from the bank, & clasped in the arms of his companions, who, coming up at the very last moment, had, by shooting the outlaw in the heart, rescued their friend from a terrible death.

It was a glad night, that one, at the little farm-house, after the return of the hardy adventurers from their expedition. Mary was by this time completely recovered, and a happier evening never was spent by two fond hearts than by the young bridegroom and his bride.

The refugees were from that time extirpated in the vicinity. But their memory yet survives, and

though the incidents of this tale, depending hitherto on tradition for preservation, are now known to few, yet there are still living, or were some years ago, one or two tottering patriarchs whose eyes would kindle, and whose breath would come quick as they told of the outlaw's fate.

The spot where the fastness of the refugees was located, is deep in one of those tangled swamps, which skirt the shores of M— river, and which are almost impervious to the sunshine and impenetrable to the foot of man. It is many a long day since the writer of this little sketch penetrated to it under the guidance of an old woodsman; and he will never forget the refreshing draught he took at the little spring of cedar water, hard by the site of the tenement. The rude cabin which the outlaws had constructed, had for years lain rotting on the earth; the wild deer had trotted gaily over the spot where it once stood; young saplings, and then, rugged trees, had sprung up within the circuit of its fallen walls, and only a few decayed timbers, crumbling with age, and covered with moss, betokened the position of the dreaded habitation.

The hill on which the final encounter of the combatants took place, is, to this day, shown not far from a little creek, emptying into the M— river, some miles from Chichester. It is still a bold, rugged, broken precipice, though within the last forty years it has fallen considerably away, through the action of the snows and rain. The little ravine into which the outlaw fell, is now half filled up with slides of earth from the precipice above. Tradition, however, still preserves the exact spot where the last conflict occurred; and well do we remember the eagerness with which, in our boyish days, we listened, as we stood on the very brow of the hill, to an old veteran's thrilling account of the outlaw's death struggle.

### IMMORTALITY.

Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered, in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had this only chronicle. Oblivion is not to be hired. The greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the records of men. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood; and the recorded names ever since, contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto the current arithmetic, which stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die—since our longest sun sets at right descension, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness and have our light in ashes—since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying intentions, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no longer duration—duration is a dream, and folly of expectation. Darkness and light divide our course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings—we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smarts upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones and fables. Afflictions induce colicities—miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision of nature, whereby we digest the mixture of a few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contended their hopes of subsistence, with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories; while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory into their last duration. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make the particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian minutes, which Cambyces or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise. Mizirum cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsam.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself—all others have a dependant being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after deaths make a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies of our names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems escape into oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splended in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nuptials and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature.—[Sir Thomas Browne.]



Grane, the ingenious inventor of the twelve month clock has recently invented another ingenious contrivance to the same. It shows the day of the week, and also of the month and also of the year, and exhibits the Sun, Moon rising and setting every day in the world with the utmost undeviating accuracy and regularity. The moon, as she revolves through her orbit is made also to revolve upon her axis, showing every day, with equal accuracy, her different phases.

"He is not only a man of untiring labors, he works with a degree of method in all his details, which peculiarly qualifies him for a routine officer. He is remarkable for his neatness and punctuality in all his engagements, an established rule with him never to postpone what ought to be done immediately; and which can be done by himself he never sends on others. In the minute details of his perfect system in business, and his habit of enduring intense labor, make him reliable for his accuracy. Regular in his habits,

community for the exclusive benefit of the few who are privileged to be members of the same. He says to the other members of the community, "I have twice as much of stake in this as you have, and I will pay the same." It is true that he has passed for my special and exclusive benefit a great advantage over you—but still this ordinary privilege conferred upon me will do to confer others on you. The greater the greater of course will be yours; direct profit to me is, indeed protection to you; or, in other words, protection to the manufacturer is protection to the consumer. But yet, when through the insurmountable of these superior advantages, wealth is poured out on the manufacturer from a thousand avenues

Among those recommended to succeed Rives, in the U. S. Senate, from Virginia, was the name of ex-President Tyler.

**CAN IT BE TRUE?** An exchange paper says "a man was recently hung in North Carolina for stealing a pair of suspenders, there being no law in the Penitentiary." A law fixing such a penalty for an offense cannot be too soon repealed.

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## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

PARLIAMENT. The last fortnight has been almost exclusively occupied with the question of Maynooth—the greatest question of the day. The public mind is still fermenting, and will continue to do so long after the statute book has recorded the enactment of the measure. All doubt about its parliamentary success was set at rest by the unexpectedly large majority which passed the second reading—147.

The Queen has visited the immense Steamer, Great Britain. She was quite pleased with it. She is to leave New York on the 26 of July under the command of Lieut. Hoskin R. N.

NAVAL FORCES OF GREAT BRITAIN. According to the official return of the Lords of the Admiralty, the Naval force of Great Britain consists of 680 ships-of-war, carrying from one to one hundred and twenty guns each. Of this number there are 125 armed steam vessels, constructed on the most approved principle. This immense fleet employs in the time of peace 23,000 able-bodied seamen, 2000 stout lads, and 94 companies of Royal Marines.

BRITISH FEARS. The London Times of April 28th, has an elaborate article of Texas and California and argues that if Texas does not remain independent, the United States will seize on Mexico, California and every point on the western shore of the Pacific, or to use its own words—“If Texas at once flings away her national existence, and makes itself subservient to the policy of the United States, it is highly probable that any other new state will attain to independence in the southern regions of North America, and the progress of the dominions of the Cabinet of Washington will be as rapid as the decay of its defenceless and ungoverned southern neighbors.” In conclusion the Times says:—“But in provinces in which no European power has any direct concern, the only check to the rapacious encroachment of the United States will be found to consist in the establishment of another energetic and independent power to share the dominion of North America, and such a power we still hope Texas may become.”

NEW LINE OF PACKETS TO BOSTON. A new line of packets has been started between this port and Boston, the first of which, called the Joshua Bates, in honor of the head of the firm of Messrs. Bates, & Brothers, is now in the Trafalgar Dock, and will sail the first fair wind, with a full complement of stowage passengers, and find this route the shortest way to the Western States.

FRANCE. M. Gambetta was taken seriously ill on the 19th inst., with a spontaneous attack, and it was feared that he was near the end of his career. Medical aid was immediately called in, and he was soon relieved of the prompt application of the warm bath.

IRELAND. The Repeal Association, whose proceedings of late have engendered apathy is now an object of some attention, arising from the prominence which Irish topics bear in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. O'Connell is grateful for the Maynooth Grant, and the new Irish Banking Act, but he is sore at the terms in which Mr. Macaulay spoke of the resistance which all parties in England will offer to Repeal of the Union and he hurled some of his defiance into his teeth. O'Brien advised the member from Edinburgh in good set terms; and it appears, that although the Repealer will give the Queen a warm reception they will not, in justice to her feelings, forego the Repeal cry. The Times, which is fiercely opposing the Ministry on account of the Maynooth Grant, strongly advises them, as they have not yet publicly committed her to visit Ireland this year, to take the hint, and prevent her from being publicly insulted.

Mr. O'Connell announced the amount of rent to be £355 10s 6d; and expresses a hope that Peel would double it before the next meeting. In a letter, accepting the invitation to a banquet and triumphal entry at Cork, Mr. O'Connell says:—“The Ministers of the Crown, finding it to be totally useless to crush the repeal spirit by force or to extinguish it by legal form, have adopted another and less blameable course.”

DISASTER AT SEA. The fine ship New Zealand, Capt. Mackay, from Liverpool, bound for St. Johns, New Brunswick, with a general cargo, was, on the 5th ult., found to be on fire. After great exertion, in which the captain lost a man and boy by suffocation in the hold, Liverpool was happily reached on the evening of the 3d inst. The cause of the fire could not be accurately ascertained; but her valuable cargo, amounting to \$200,000, is in a great measure destroyed. We learn that both vessel and cargo are insured.

Mr. Secretary Bancroft. An occasional correspondent of the New York Evening Post, under date of the 3rd inst., writes as follows:—“Unequivocal signs of steady occupation pervade every department; but that of the navy just now is, perhaps, the busiest. The condition of our foreign relations has called this bureau into uncommon vigor. The sailing of vessel after vessel; the drafting of officers; the issuing of orders, and an endless amount of important detail, afford rapid exercise to the hard-taxed faculties of all concerned. The new Secretary, Bancroft, has taken hold of the helm with a skillful and powerful grasp. His industry knows no bounds. From eight in the morning, till late at night, often, he is at his post. The application of the student has fitted him for the indefatigable devotion necessary to the man in office with duties so multifarious and responsible. He despatches business with uncommon activity, and such are his powers of concentration that whilst he is engaged in easy conversation with his friends, he examines documents, signs papers, and dictates answers to his correspondents. There is no doubt that Mr. Bancroft will do honor to the Cabinet, and raise himself in public estimation; and it is well for the country that we have a man in his lofty place every way competent to its requirements.”

## NO WAR WITH ENGLAND.

The Toronto (Canada) Examiner of the 14th May, contains the following article on Oregon, to which it appends an extract from the Nonconformist, an English paper, which gives several substantial reasons why England should not venture upon a war. England was unable when she had command of the ocean, and her population could be made mad for Church and King, to keep her colonies in America. She labors under many disadvantages which did not then trouble her; America has many advantages which she did not then possess. She had power of subsidizing German princes; of controlling an ignorant and united population; a debt comparatively light, and a weak and indebted enemy to contend with. Now she has a thoughtful people to move, who are not contented, and who know that they would be the victims of glory. She has a national debt of eight hundred millions of pounds, and an artificial system of credit which is very good so long as it is not tested, but which will infallibly give to the world the greatest financial explosion ever witnessed, whenever the time arrives for it to blow up.

And the first gun fired by an English cruiser would be the signal of an outbreak in Canada, which will end in its annexation to the United States. [Evening Post.]

“THE ENGLISH NEWS. The Hibernian, it was expected would have brought some further development of the mind and intentions of the British government relative to the Oregon. From our extracts it will be observed that the subject has not been again mentioned in Parliament since the sailing of the Caledonia. The war spirit so suddenly raised, appears to have subsided as rapidly.

“The British ministry and that portion of the press in their interest, have treated this war question as if the lapse of half a century had produced no change in the moral condition of the nations of the earth. As if governments in adjusting quarrels, had the same self-like repulsion at their command, wherewith to replenish their armies and to raise supplies for their maintenance, as in the times of the French revolution, or the war which resulted in the independence of the thirteen American colonies. They appear to forget the advance which has been made by the masses of mankind in the knowledge of the true principles of government, and of what constitutes national honor and greatness.

A war now to be popular must be based on something more substantial than blustering appeals to the passions, prejudices, or pride of the people; it must be justice for its basis and the establishment of promotion of the blessings of civilization, the extension of trade and commerce, and the happiness of mankind, by the diffusion of knowledge, for its aim. That any of these ends would be accomplished by a war between Great Britain and the United States, it would be folly to imagine. Nothing but misery could flow from such a war, however much the government might be disposed to sanction an appeal to arms for the settlement of the Oregon question, the people of Great Britain never will. They are yet groaning under the debt entailed upon the nation by the last European war in which she was engaged, and taxes levied in consequence keeps them in mind of its consummate folly and dreadful consequences.”

## SHOULD PROPERTY VOTE, OR MEN?

We put the question home to the conscience of the candid and intelligent men of all parties—should property govern, should property alone qualify a man to vote, should property make the laws in the free country, or should it be MEN? If property is to be allowed to vote, if property is to be the sole test of a freeman's qualification, then let the principle be fully and effectually carried out. If the possession of fifty acres of land, as in Virginia, fully qualifies a man to exercise the right of suffrage, if fifty acres of good land gives him one vote, then the possession of an hundred acres should give him two votes, and so in the same proportion. If paying a revenue tax on one horse or one slave, gives him one vote, then paying a tax upon a hundred, should give him one hundred votes upon a principle. We see no way to avoid this conclusion. If the principle is correct at all it is correct to the fullest extent; then let it fully be carried out.

U. S. Journal.

The World in a Bad Way.—The last Navoo Neighbor “gives up” the world, with the following diagnosis of its present condition:—“Disease incurable! Chills and fever in America; palsy and debauchery in Europe; consumption and gout in Asia; and plague and leprosy in Africa! As with Israel, so with the world—the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint; and this is the state of the world, the whole world is sick and the whole heart faint. And Mormonism, external Mormonism, will witness the dying struggle, the last grasp, when the earth quakes, and triumphs over death, hell and the grave. So let the old world die!”

CHINA.—There are now, says the recent letter, five or six congregations gathered in Hong-kong, among the Chinese, every Sabbath, and instruction is communicated, for the most part, in an intelligible manner. It is the great attainment to be able to see the expound Christian truth to the Chinese, as to be sure that what we say is understood.

GULF OF MEXICO.—Our squadron in the Gulf of Mexico will consist of the frigate Potomac, 44 guns; ship Vincennes, 20; ship Palmetto, 10; ship Samuels, 10; brig Porpoise, 10; ship Saratoga, 20; Ship St. Mary, 20; and steamer Princeton, ten—in all 154 guns.

U. S. TROOPS.—There are now concentrated at Fort Jessup twenty-three companies at the least—seven of Dragoons and three of Infantry,

## PROPERTY GOVERNS!

The motto of the federalists every where is, that “property is the test of merit.” Hence their clamor about interest, interest, whenever we advocate the Rights of Man. This accounts for their rigid adherence to the anti-republican property qualifications under the present monarchical constitution of Virginia. A white free man is a perfect nobody in their estimation, unless he has property. His rights as an American, his inherent original sovereignty, which he received from the great Jehovah himself, are but dust and ashes if he is not a property holder; indeed persons of this latter class in Virginia have no more political rights and privileges under the present aristocratic constitution of that State, than a free negro. Is it not a flat contradiction in terms to talk about their freedom and independence, when they are but little better than negro slaves, so far as political rights are concerned? The light is dawning; the population of that commonwealth are rousing themselves in vindication of their inalienable rights and they will sweep these relics of tyranny to the sea of oblivion.

## APPROPRIATE REPLY.

It will be remembered that the President elect on his way up the Ohio river, stopped for a few moments at Jeffersonville, to shake hands with his friends of the “Hoosier” State. While engaged with his amiable lady in receiving the congratulations of the citizens, a young Federalist who was in great agony for an opportunity to display his conceited smartness, said to Mrs. Polk:—“Madam, it must be exceedingly tiresome to you to be obliged to take the hands of so many of these rough Farmers and Mechanics!”

“No, Sir,” she replied “it is to this very class of individuals I am indebted for being placed in a position, to have the honor to shake hands with them.”

It is unnecessary to add, that the respectable kid glove young gentleman vanished instantly.

—New Albany Democrat.

A VENERABLE PATRIOT GONE.—Dr. Wm. Read, a member of Gen Washington's staff, during the revolution, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, died at his plantation on Cooper river, near Charleston, on Sunday, 17th ult., aged 91 years.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM. Dr. Wister's Balsam of Wild Cherry.—The following, although it may appear a little humorous to some, is not the least worthy of publication, and is the theory of Magnetism true or false, it shows it is sometimes productive of much good.

Dear Sir:—One circumstance has greatly helped me in the treatment of a young lady, who has an affection of the lungs. She said her father was a medicine man, accompanied with a small book, that would help him. It was the Balsam of Wild Cherry. He took it, and it cured him. She has since prescribed it to another, who has taken it with the same result. Yours, &c. HUGH & BRIDGES.

P. S. Hugh & Bridges are heavy druggists at Syracuse, to whom we refer the curious.

CONSUMPTIVE READER! Delude not yourself in the grave with any of the vile compounds in the shape of Lozenges, Candy, or other cheap and dangerous nostrums—but take at once the great English remedy, (Dr. Buehner's) Hungarian Balsam of Wild Cherry. From Dr. Buehner, 107, Market St., Albany; I cheerfully give my name in recommendation of the Hungarian Balsam believing it to be the best medicine I ever used for diseases of the lungs &c.

Pamphlets respecting this great English remedy may be had gratis of Moses Hammond, only agent in Paris.

## MARRIED.

In Norway, by Rev. T. J. Tenney, Mr. Lee Mixer and Miss Deborah Mixer. In Hollowell, by Rev. Wm. A. Drew, Rev. J. L. Stevens, pastor of the Universal Church in New Sharon, and Mary L. Smith.

## DIED.

In Hebron, Mr. Gideon Cushman, aged 86 years. He was one of the first settlers of the town of Hebron, and had resided there constantly. He left ten children, about eighty grandchildren, and one hundred great-grandchildren. He was, and had been for many years, a member of the Baptist church.

## Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Ann Thurlow, of Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, by her Deed of Mortgage of that date conveyed to the subscriber a certain tract or parcel of land lying in said Woodstock, it being Lot Numbered 91, and lying in the Eastern part of said Woodstock, which Deed is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 65, Page 221; and, whereas, the condition of said Mortgage having been broken, I hereby claim possession of said Mortgage premises, and give this public notice to foreclose the same agreeably to the law in such cases made and provided.

Paris, May 26th, 1845. BENJAMIN DRAKE. 3w3r

## Buehner's Hungarian Balsam.

The Great English Remedy for Consumption. READ the opinion of Dr. Sorenson, of Saco, Maine. Saco, Me., May 22, 1845.

The Hungarian Balsam is, beyond all question, a most perfect and admirable preparation for Diseases of the Lungs. I have used it, in my family and in my practice, for more than two years, in cases of SEVERE PULMONARY DISEASES, with the most UNIFORM AND PERFECT SUCCESS; and I can conscientiously recommend it to the afflicted, as the most CERTAIN REMEDY for such disorders with which I am acquainted. Yours truly, FREDERICK F. SORERSON, M. D.

Edward Mason, of Portland, the well known druggist and chemist, says:—

PORTLAND, May 23, 1845.

The Hungarian Balsam gives the highest satisfaction in this city, and I have no doubt, from the reports I hear of its good effects, that it is a very superior preparation for diseases of the lungs.

EDWARD MASON.

The Christian Herald, of March 20, says:—

The public may place the utmost reliance upon the statements respecting the Hungarian Balsam by Dr. Bradlee, the American Agent, who is an old and highly respectable citizen of Boston, a member of a Christian church, and a man, who would not, for any consideration, lend his influence in favor of any sort of deception or imposture.

The Hungarian Balsam is sold in Paris by Messrs. L. Watson & Co. See the advertisement for further particulars.

## Freedom.

THIS may certify that I have given to my son, Isaac J. Bacheider, his time until he is twenty-one years of age, to act and trade for himself and that I will not demand any of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

ABRAHAM BACHEIDER.

Witness, SIMEON F. HARNSEN.

Denmark, May 24th, 1845. 3w3r

To the Hon. County Commissioners in and for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned Petitioners would respectfully represent, that in the opinion of the public good requires that a road be located from the County road leading from Dixfield through Franklin Plantation in Paris, continuing near William Woods's farm, in Paris, and running the most convenient route to unite with the County road near Francis Waite; that said County road leading from this point to the River as now traveled, is inconvenient and hilly, and should be altered, or a new road located from the aforesaid point or union to Robinson Turner's Mills, to unite with the County road near the same by the most feasible route; that a road should be located from the most convenient point near said Mills, crossing the Androscoggin River to the County road on the Dixfield side of said River, the most practicable route to unite with said road; and that a ferry should be located to accommodate the last mentioned route.—We, therefore, pray your Honors to view said route and locate the whole, or such part, as may seem necessary and expedient, in your wisdom shall deem necessary and expedient.

WILLIAM WOODSUM and 100 others.

## STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1845.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at William Woods's house, in said Paris, on the ninth day of July next, at ten o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition, and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Dixfield and Paris, and by posting up like copies in the public places in said towns of Dixfield and Paris, and Franklin Plantation, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and order thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned inhabitants of said County would respectfully represent, that an improved road is much needed from Anson Corner to New Hampshire Line to intersect with a recently located road through the township of Cambridge to the line of this State, making such alterations in the present travelled route as you may upon examination deem expedient.

ANDOVER, MARCH 24, 1845. SIMON W. GREGG and 35 others.

## STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—Court of County Commissioners, May Term, 1845.

ON the foregoing petition, satisfactory evidence having been received that the petitioners are responsible and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, That notice be given that the County Commissioners will meet at Crockett's Tavern in said Andover, on Tuesday the twenty-third day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and thence proceed to view the route mentioned in said petition, and immediately afterwards hear the parties and their witnesses, and take such further measures in the premises as may be adjudged proper. Said notice to be given by publishing the foregoing petition with this order thereon six weeks successively in the State Democrat, printed at Paris, the last of each of said publications to be at least thirty days before the time of said meeting, and by posting up attested copies of the same in three public places in said Andover, and serving a similar copy on the clerks of said towns of Paris and Dixfield, before the time of meeting, that all persons and corporations interested may then and there appear, and be heard, if they see cause.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of the petition and order of Court thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford at their Session to be holden at Paris, within and for said County, on the second Tuesday of May, 1845.

THE undersigned respectfully represent that convenience and necessity require the location of a new County road commencing at the corner of the roads near Sampson Reed's dwelling house in Hartford, thence in the most feasible route by or near the dwelling house of Esau Fuller; thence to strike the County road near Stephen Gammons in Turner. Wherefore your Petitioners pray that after due proceedings had, you would view the premises, and if practicable locate said road or such part thereof as you in your wisdom may deem just and proper.

SAMPSON REED, & 43 others.

Hartford, May 7, 1845.

## STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss. At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1845.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at Stephen Gammons's house, in Turner, on the first day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Hartford and Turner, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said towns of Hartford and Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

## BOOT, SHOE, AND LEATHER STORE.

A. SHURTLEFF, JR., PARIS HILL.

HAVING enlarged his business respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has on hand, and intends to keep,

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S KID SHOES, MEN'S THICK AND THIN BOOTS AND SHOES, KID, BINDING, THREAD, PEGS, BRUSHES, PINCHERS, SHOE-KNIVES, HEEL NAILS, &c. AND BLACKING.

OF VARIOUS KINDS. LIKEWISE—SOLE-LEATHER AND ROSIN.

—ALSO—A SMALL ASSORTMENT OF GROCERIES.

CUSTOM WORK done, as usual, at short notice.

April 14, 1845. 3w3r

To the Honorable Court of County Commissioners for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned a Committee chosen by the town of Sweden for that purpose, would respectfully represent that the County road beginning near the dwelling house of Isaac Kimball in Lovell, and running by a part of Fryeburg and Denmark, in Sweden, through the town of Lovell, and ending at the County road leading from Fryeburg to Bridgton near the Moose Pond Bridge, as at present located is not required for the public convenience, would be exceedingly expensive to construct, and of but very little benefit to the inhabitants of the town of Sweden, while at the same time the construction of said road would be to them a grievous burden. We therefore respectfully request your Honors, after due notice to review said road and discontinue the same should you be satisfied it is not required for the convenience of the public; but should you determine otherwise we further pray your Honors to view and make such alterations as you may deem expedient.

In behalf of the town of Sweden, W. H. POWERS, E. C. KILGORE, BENJAMIN WEBBER, Committee.

Sweden, March 7th, 1845.

## STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:—At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1845.

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, That the Petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at Benjamin Hartford's Tavern, in said Lovell, on the nineteenth day of August next, at ten o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Lovell, Sweden, Fryeburg and Denmark, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said towns of Lovell, Sweden, Fryeburg and Denmark, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and order thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

## Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, George Berry, of Hartford, on the twenty-second day of April, A. D. 1843, conveyed to me, the subscriber, by his Mortgage Deed of that date, a certain tract or parcel of land lying in the town of Hartford, and County of Oxford, for a particular description of which reference may be had to said Deed, recorded in Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 67, Page 173; and whereas the condition of said Mortgage having been broken, I give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such cases made and provided.

LEMUEL COLE, Jr. 3w3r

April 1, 1845.

## SOUTH PARIS WOOLEN FACTORY.

THE South Paris Manufacturing Company would respectfully give notice that they continue the custom manufacturing business, and are now prepared to receive Wool to manufacture for customers, at the halves, or at the following rates, viz:—

Casimere, from	35 to 45 cts. per yd.
Fuller Cloth,	30 to 37 1/2 cts. per yd.
Blanketing, over 2 yds wide,	25 to 33 cts. per yd.
White Flannel,	17 cts. per yd.
Colored do,	25 cts. per yd.
Colored and pressed,	35 cts. per yd.
Cloth Dressing,	8 to 17 cts. per yd.

A good assortment of the above named cloths will be kept at the Factory, and customers can be supplied with cloths on the delivery of their Wool.

All Wool should be well washed.

If any wool goes out of their hands unsatisfactorily done, they hold themselves accountable for the damage.

Thankful to the public for the liberal share of patronage heretofore received, they hope, by their improvement in manufacturing and by despatch of business, for a continuance of their favors.

South Paris, May, 1844. ISAAC HARLOW, Agent.

## DR. WISTAR'S Balsam of Wild Cherry.

THE best medicine known to man for Bilious Complaints, Asthma of every stage, Bleeding of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Liver Complaint, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs, may be had of Agents named below. All published statements of cures performed by this medicine are, in every respect, TRUE. Be careful and get the genuine “Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry,” as spurious imitations are abroad.

Order from any part of the country should be addressed to S. W. FOWLE 123 Washington St. Boston, sole agent for New England.

Agents.—Paris, Thomas Crutcher; Norway, A. C. Dahlstrom & Co.; North Livermore, J. Colledge; Canton, M. J. M. Doolittle; Oxford, E. P. Chase; Portland, Jos. Grubb; Hartford Corner, J. H. Wardwell; Wilton, J. E. W. Gould; E. Wilton; J. E. Reine; Augusta, E. Fuller.—July 17.

## NOTICE—CAUTION!

A person calling himself NORCROSS is travelling about the N. E. States, selling a spurious article of Paris's Life Pills, with our name engraved, which is a forgery and will be punished as a criminal offence. Also, all persons who deal with said NORCROSS, or with any other person who uses our name, are cautioned that if they re-sell, they may make themselves equally liable.

We are determined to prosecute all such offenders upon our rights, and all such great public wrongs to the extreme of the law. Valuable information tending to procure the conviction of NORCROSS will be thankfully received and rewarded by the subscribers.

THE ROBERTS & CO., 117 Fulton St., N. York.

July 1, 1844.

THE patrons of Paris's Life Pills will bear this in mind that all Agents for the sale of the “Genuine” are furnished with a certificate of Agency, signed SETH W. FOWLE, who is the sole Agent for New England. Office 123 Washington-street, Boston. 15 Aug. 27, 1844.

## Guardian's Sale.

WILL be sold at the State of the sheriff, in Rumford, County of Oxford, agreeably to License from the Probate Court of said County, on Saturday the 21st day of June next at two o'clock P. M., One sixth part in common and undivided of a certain piece of land situated in said Rumford on the Southwest of the Androscoggin River, bounded on the North by the road leading to Bethel, on the East by land of Jeremiah Wardwell, on the South and West by land of P. C. Virgin, and is the property of Melville E. and Frederick K. Bolster, minors.

OTIS C. BOLSTER. 3w1r

Rumford, May 12th, 1845.

## TIMOTHY LUDDEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TURNER-VILLAGE, ME.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON, Deputy Sheriff, & Coroner, PARIS H



